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THE BIBLE, AND HOW WE SHOULD USE IT.

How does the Bible strike a devout and thoughtful reader? What is it found to be by the experience of one who uses it for his edification? What place does it fill among the means of spiritual growth and nourishment? What can we affirm of the Bible in these relations? In other words, what are the facts to be accounted for by a theory of its origin and the manner of its production?

It must be admitted, that the Bible is a very extraordinary book. It has exercised a wonderful power over the spirits of men, such as no other literature has ever approached. Whatever we may think on the question whether it is inspired or not, we must admit that it is very inspiring; and perhaps in that fact may be the profoundest and most satisfactory proof of its inspiration. It manifestly proceeds from the deepest springs in the human soul; and it reaches to what is deepest and highest in man. It appeals directly to spiritual intuition. It everywhere asserts or assumes spiritual truths. Man's spiritual nature, his connection with God, God's universal providence and government, the supreme and everlasting obligations of righteousness, — these are the fundamental ideas of the Bible. They pervade all its parts, — history, poetry, prophecy, didactics. Therefore the Bible breathes a purifying, elevating, strengthening influence. Compared with it, other literatures are superficial. Go from the perusal

of a Greek philosopher to converse with a Hebrew psalmist or prophet, and you find yourself in an entirely different and far higher region of thought and feeling. You see that the Hebrew has a clear, permanent, perhaps even passionate perception of great truths that the Greek rarely approaches, and with the dimmest and vaguest apprehension. Take as an illustration the 119th Psalm. It has been criticised as an inferior specimen of Hebrew poetry, — as a wearisome repetition of a few simple thoughts. That is the judgment which intellect and taste are perhaps obliged to pass upon it. But, in another point of view, the constant iteration of those petitions, "Teach me thy statutes," "Make me to go in the path of thy commandments," "Incline my heart unto thy testimonies," are pathetic and eloquent. They express the earnest longing of the heart for exalted excellence, and a clear recognition of God as the source from which influences may and will proceed to help it to the attainment of its desire. Imagine this psalm to have been found in a collection of ancient heathen writings. It would have appeared strangely out of place. It would be unac-cordant with the tone of Greek literature. These deep, spir-itual yearnings do not belong to the ethnic character. But in the Old Testament they are perfectly natural and harmo-nious. Only the Hebrew mind and heart dwelt habitually in that region of thought and feeling. Therefore the reading of this book is edifying. It nourishes and strengthens the spirit. It quickens and helps the religious life. This is a fact of experience. I do not say that it is true of every word and sentence. This edifying matter is mingled with material of a different character. The book is to be read with discrimination and judgment. We are to read it with readiness to receive edification as it shall come to us from the letter, but not with a feeling of obligation to make every part of it equally profitable. Whether or not a writing shall kindle and inspire our souls is a matter of experience, not subject to our wills. We cannot by any efforts of ours make the Book of Joshua and the Gospel of John equally edifying. In its general tone and spirit, the Bible speaks directly to the

soul; and everywhere there occurs in it particular passages that so speak with wonderful power. The appreciative reader is often surprised into edification by passages from which he least expected it. The Bible is a storehouse of such passages, suited to all conditions of life, states of character, stages of spiritual progress, moods of mind. That which has no peculiar significance to one man may be exactly adapted to the wants of another; and a passage that I pass by with indifference to-day may be the very word of life for me to-morrow. For this reason the Bible should always be spoken of with respect and reverence. We should carefully avoid disparaging and depreciating it, by a supercilious treatment of any portion of it for which we may not happen to have a present use. It may be said, that the power with which the Bible addresses the soul and awakens spiritual consciousness is in part due to the sacred associations that have been for ages gathering about it. This is undoubtedly true. But this is a part of its rightful influence. It is the cumulative effect of a power that legitimately belongs to it. What other book could have so maintained its place, and exercised a growing influence over the souls of men, and have been valued in proportion to their spiritual culture? I preach from the Bible, not merely because it is the book that has been handed down to me as the book to be preached from, but because it is the only book from which I could preach. I know no other book so full of spiritual truth, uttered from the profoundest depths of experience, and illustrated by history and biography, written with such clear recognition of the presence of God in all history and human life. There are many good books that we may find experimentally to be more edifying than certain portions of the Bible; but they are good and edifying because they are written in the spirit and tone of the Bible. They all revolve about the Bible as their centre and sun.

"Hither, as to their fountain, other stars  
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light."

The Bible is the parent of a peculiar school of literature; and I think it may be said with truth, that there is not a

single book outside that school to which the Christian man would think of resorting for edification.

In these remarks, I have not been setting forth a theory of the Bible, or attempting to determine *à priori* what it might be expected to be, or what it ought to be, in order to its answering any purpose for which it may be supposed to exist. I have stated what I understand to be facts, established by general experience. If these facts have been correctly stated, if they are facts, they cannot be affected by any investigation of the origin, contents, and history of the book. Neither is there any thing in these facts to deter us from a free criticism and interpretation of the book, or from examining and treating it by the same rules by which all other books are examined and treated.

Let us look next at the production, contents, and form of this book. It does not purport, like the sacred writings of some nations, to have been dictated by a voice from heaven, and written down by human amanuenses. It does not at all resemble a modern "Body of Divinity," — a complete and systematic exhibition of religious and moral doctrine, couched in exact terms, and susceptible of and demanding strict interpretation. It is composed of works of different authors and ages. It consists of history and biography of an exceedingly lively and dramatic form, of bold lyrical poetry, of impassioned rhetoric, and of didactic writings of the Oriental type. They are all productions of the Eastern mind, and are characterized by the glowing imagery and hyperbolical expression which mark the Eastern style. Each writing is specially adapted to the circumstances and the time and place of its production, and reflects the feelings of its author. They therefore require, for the elucidation of the truth they were intended to convey, liberal canons of interpretation adapted to their peculiarities.

As the word of the new dispensation was manifested in the life of Christ, so the word of the old dispensation was manifested in the national life of the Hebrew people, and especially in the lives and writings of their eminent and representative men. The Hebrews were appointed by God



to be a source of religious inspiration to the race. To this end, the elements that compose human nature were mingled in their great men, in different proportions from those in which they are commonly found. A singular prominence was given to the spiritual element. They had a larger endowment of the capacity of spiritual perception, and the faculty of spiritual action. They could clearly recognize the infinite, the invisible, and the eternal. The eye of their soul was open. They lived as seeing Him who is invisible, and sought a heavenly country, and followed an inward guidance, not knowing whither they went. And when they spoke and wrote as they were moved by this spirit, their word was with such power that it penetrated the souls of other men. In like manner, the Greeks were appointed to be a source of æsthetic inspiration to the race. To them was given a singular perception of beauty, a passionate love of it, and a peculiar faculty of reproducing it in works of art. It is a God-given faculty. No man can bestow it on himself, and no processes of education can insure its existence. It always comes unlooked for, and often appears in the most unlikely places. Accordingly, we speak of the inspiration of genius; and we use the word both in a passive and an active sense. It is inspired into its possessor; and he, through his works, inspires an inferior degree of it into sympathizing and appreciative spirits. Such genius carries with it a certain authority. Men pay a deference to him who possesses it. They instinctively feel him to be their leader. The presumption always is that he is right. But the submission to that authority should be free and intelligent; else the true inspiration, which it is the highest office of genius to impart, is lost.

I conceive the inspiration of genius to be the same in kind as the inspiration of the men of the Old Testament. I have no objection to the title which has sometimes been given them of religious geniuses. I think that it exactly describes them. Eminently endowed men have been the richest gifts of God to the race. They are the chief means of human progress. Their value is proportioned to the importance of that depart-

ment of culture which they are severally qualified to promote. Therefore the highest place among these divine benefactions must be assigned to those who have been the lights and guides of mankind in the attainment of religious truth. How much better could the world have spared the influence of Greece in literature and art, than the ministry of the Hebrews to its spiritual culture. We the more readily acknowledge an influx of the spirit of God in the case of religious genius, because it is an inspiration of that which is highest in man, and which cannot be enlarged and replenished except from a source outside of and beyond itself: and it carries with it a greater authority, because the ideas and sentiments it inspires are those that rightfully govern in the soul; but, in this case as in the other, submission to its authority should not be servile and mechanical. In this also the noblest function of the inspired man is to inspire his brethren.

It was the mission of the Hebrew to teach the world great religious truths. "The conviction of the unity and spirituality of God was peculiar to the Jews among the pioneers of civilization. Greek philosophers had no doubt come to the same conclusion by dint of reason. Noble minds may often have been enabled to raise themselves to the same height of generous emotion. But every one knows the difference between an opinion and a practical conviction; between a scientific deduction, or a momentary insight, and that habit which has become a second nature. Every one also knows the difference between a tenet maintained by a few intellectual men far in advance of their age, and a belief pervading a whole people, penetrating all their daily life, leavening all their occupations, incorporated into their very language. It was the fact, that this belief was not the tenet of the few, but the habit of the nation, which made the Jews the proper instruments for communicating the doctrine to the world. They supported it, not by arguments, which always provoke replies, and rarely, at the best, penetrate deeper than the intellect, but by the unconscious evidence of their lives."

Whilst the Hebrews existed as a nation, they were a living

manifestation of divine truth. Now that they have no longer a place among the nations, they have left a vivid reflex of their national life and character, and of their religious thought and feeling, in their literature. The Old Testament is a complete collection of that literature. It is composed of all that remained of it after the return from the captivity. We have no intimation of a single Hebrew writing extant at that period, and not included in it. No nation has left the world a legacy comparable with this in value.

Respecting a book like the Bible, occupying such a place as I have considered the Bible to occupy among the means of man's spiritual education, — a book that proves itself to be a religious power in the world, — many *à priori* questions may be naturally asked, and many strange questions have been asked; such as these: —

Shall it be composed, like other books, by the natural powers of man; or shall its writer or writers be supernaturally endowed for the purpose?

Shall it set forth truth in a systematic form, addressed to pure reason, requiring exact and literal interpretation; or shall it illustrate truth by history, poetry, and eloquence, — address imagination, passion, feeling, — use popular forms of speech, requiring free interpretation?

Shall it be all written at one time, or at successive periods? If the latter, shall its contents be original, or shall it be compiled from previously existing documents?

Shall its historical portions be contemporaneous with the events related, or shall it have been written at various distances of time from the periods of their occurrence?

Shall its history be absolutely accurate in its minutest particulars; or shall it be subject to the same errors and discrepancies, and exhibit the same amount of average accuracy, as other history?

In its allusions to natural phenomena, shall it adapt itself in each successive part to the conceptions of the age for which that part was immediately intended; or shall it always, in every part, express the absolute truth as it will appear

when man shall have learned all that he can know of nature (so that it will not be perfectly intelligible till then); or from what intermediate point shall it look on nature?

Shall its word on spiritual and moral subjects contain nothing but pure and absolute truth, so that the reader will have no occasion to exercise upon it his own powers of discernment, but will have nothing to do but to accept it; or, mingled with the highest thoughts and feelings of the best men in their most favored moments, shall there be found the errors, imperfections, wrong sentiments, of their age and country, so that it will be constantly necessary for the reader to use his reason and moral judgment in discriminating what is false and evil from what is true and good?

It is perfectly evident that these and such like questions are not to be solved theoretically. They are questions of fact, to be determined by a free and thorough examination of the Bible. The question is not, what sort of a book God might have given us in the Bible, or what sort of one we think he ought to have given us, but what he has actually given us. The Bible is a great and interesting fact, eminently worthy of serious and reverent investigation. It ought to be investigated in the spirit of modern philosophy; not by trying upon it a succession of fanciful theories, but by simply looking into it, and seeing what it really is. For want of due observance of this obviously right method of treatment, the Bible has been repeatedly set in opposition to the progress of science; and when science has proved triumphant, a most unjustifiable violence has been done to the letter of Scripture to make it seem to express the last results of science. When the Copernican system was first promulgated, the mistaken friends of the Bible zealously maintained, that it asserts the direct contrary; and, when that system was demonstrated and universally accepted, they as stoutly insisted that it asserts nothing else. An attempt has been made to show that the firmament in which the sacred writer manifestly supposed the heavenly bodies to be set, only means the apparent concave of infinite space, although he expressly describes it as water tight. A similar torture is inflicted on

the text in order to make it speak the best-established conclusions of geology.

It has been considered necessary to maintain the absolute verity of every minute particular of the Bible history. Instead of freely admitting that it contains errors, inconsistencies, and contradictions, such as necessarily occur in all histories, and do not materially impair their credit and value, and would not interfere with any beneficial purpose the Bible was designed to answer, its defenders have thought it necessary to assume the enormous burden of maintaining, that, from the beginning to the end of it, there is not a single departure from historic truth; and have made the dangerous admission, that, if there were, it would destroy the value of the Scriptures as a revelation. As a corollary from this method of treatment, absurd expedients have been resorted to for removing the difficulties of the history: and a grievous wrong has been done the Bible, by maintaining that it must not be examined by the same rules as other books; that it is wrong to seek out and to mention difficulties and mistakes in its history; in other words, that the Bible should not be studied too closely for fear of finding in it fatal imperfections.

Again, overlooking the fact that the Bible is a series of religious writings, extending over fifteen centuries, designed for men in various stages of moral and spiritual development, each specially adapted to the education of the generation it addressed, and therefore having a modified value and use for all succeeding generations, so that even some things that are relatively right and true to one may be relatively false and wrong to another (as Christ said that there were things in the Mosaic law not absolutely right, but the best the people could bear), the Bible has been treated as if each one of these revelations were an absolute and final exhibition of divine truth. Hence two evils have resulted. The highest views of truth have been too much swayed and modified by the lowest; and the Scriptures have been exposed to such cavils as are founded, for example, on the national and anthropomorphic views of God predominant in the early

Hebrew writings, — for which views, revelation has unjustly been made finally responsible.

Again, assuming that every portion of the Bible was written by men under plenary inspiration, it follows that every feeling and sentiment they express is absolutely right. Yet many things are found in them, which, if they were found anywhere else, would be pronounced at once to be discordant with the highest sentiment of the cultivated Christian. What can be done in such cases? One of two things: either the conscience must be mystified by trying to persuade itself that such sentiments are somehow or other right; or the intellect must be mystified by adopting some of those typical methods of interpretation, by which it is attempted to express spiritual nourishment from the imprecations of the Psalms and Lamentations, or from the amatory eclogue of Solomon.

Views respecting revelation naturally arrange themselves about one or the other of these two types: 1. That a revelation is nothing but an external authority, of which the special function is to tell men how, upon their peril, they shall feel and think, and what they shall believe and do; that we have no power or right to judge of what comes to us as an accredited revelation from God; that we have only to exercise our faculties in the interpretation of it, and that by the strictest rules; that a revelation is an authority set up above the natural faculties given to man whereby to discern truth and right, and that it supersedes or suspends their jurisdiction. 2. That a revelation promotes the spiritual and moral life of the soul, by strengthening, enlarging, and stimulating the faculties by which truth and right are naturally discerned, and so enabling them to see and accept truth and right of themselves; that the revelation made by the word is not merely in the word itself, but in the soul which it moves and quickens; that the word, applied to the spirit of man, calls forth and reveals to its own perception what is within it. A full consideration of these two types of opinion opens a wide field of discussion. Let it suffice here to say, that, from a mere statement of them, it appears that the last-named is the higher and nobler view; that it ascribes to revelation a loftier

function, and a more vital and intimate influence over the soul; that it is a sort of revelation more worthy of God to bestow, and better adapted to the spiritual nature and wants of man.

It is the assumption of the former of these views, that has necessitated a revelation produced by what is called plenary verbal inspiration, and of which absolute historical and scientific accuracy is an essential attribute.

The sum of the whole matter is, — Read the Bible with all your faculties in activity; read it with a humble, docile spirit, ready and desirous to receive holy influences; then be assured that whatever you meet with, that touches your soul, is a message of God to you to-day. What does not so touch you is not a message to you to-day, but may be a message to you to-morrow: it may be a message to another to-day. Therefore let all Scripture be ever treated with reverence.

C. P.

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## THE MUSES:

### THE OLD FABLE, AND ITS CONSTANT MEANING.

COLERIDGE, in the beautiful passage which he interpolated in his translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, laments that —

“The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
The fair humanities of old religion,  
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty  
That had her haunts in dale or piny mountain  
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,  
Or chasms and watery depths, — all these have vanished:  
They live no longer in the faith of reason.”

He adds, however, —

“But still the heart doth need a language, still  
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.

And the philologist (not necessarily the dry creature he is so commonly supposed to be), who converses with the mind of humanity as expressed in the very history of language, will go farther than the poet had occasion to, and recognize that

not only in the faith of the affections, but even in the faith of reason, — of which language is the “express image,” — the spirit of that truth which the ancient poesy and piety sought to shadow forth still lives, or at least, where it might seem dead, only slumbers, expectant of resurrection. The Muses themselves, it may be, live no longer, save in the faith of fancy; but the essential quality, the living spirit, which, by the evidence of the very invention and perpetuation of the name and its derivatives, the soul of man yearns to have enter as an element into its philosophy and even its religion, — *that* only sleeps in the enchanted chamber of language.

Lord Bacon, in his “Wisdom of the Ancients,” undertakes to give a spiritual interpretation (he probably did not claim it to be *the* spiritual interpretation) of some of the names and offices of the classic mythology. Thus he entitles one chapter “Pan, or Nature;” another, “Orpheus, or Philosophy;” another, “Proteus, or Matter.” He might have added to his list another chapter, to be called, “The Muses, or the Harmony of the Liberal Arts.”

Let, then, the old Muses accept the philologist as the first in order of the ushers through whom we presume to *re-commend* them to this sharp-eyed generation, — the philologist, who finds in the very words, the most homely and homespun, of our every-day speech, disguised soothsayers, — the philologist, who, exploring, with a rapture that seems lunacy to the “outside barbarians,” the riches of the “central kingdom” of learning, discovers, in the dust of old libraries and lexicons, in the mouldy cellar of dry and seemingly dead roots of languages (preserved there for ages, like the fruit-bearing seeds unrolled from the mummy-cases), living germs of curious and even practical truth and wisdom. Words have been called “fossil-poetry.” This fossil foliage of traditionary language — the fossil garden of philology — has this miraculous quality, that, when the breath of thought passes over it, the charmed vegetation rustles again as of old, and thrills and whispers as in the freshness of its prime.

There are five words in our language, including the name of “Muses,” in which something of what title darkly inti-



mated to those who first used it still survives. We call diversion of the mind *amusement*; deep meditation we call *musings*; a collection of objects of curiosity we call a *museum*; and the art and science of harmonious numbers we call by eminence *music*. Now, what common element can there be in words, at first sight so heterogeneous, by which we can trace them back to a common origin? A critic of the class whom the German students call Philistines might dispose of the matter summarily enough by suggesting that music was a mere amusement; that musing was also merely the mind *amusing* itself in an idle manner; that a museum is a place of learned lounging; and that the votaries of the Muses are simply vagabonds. But there is another theory of the case, by which the tables may be entirely turned. There is another point of view, at which a wiser criticism places us, from which we shall see quite another picture. Let us invert the optic glass, which the stupid or wilful, or possibly waggish, interpreter, claiming to hail from the district of common sense, has held up to us, wrong end foremost, and we shall have a totally different perspective. If we will just begin on the serious side of the subject, *this* is the conclusion to which good sense will bring us, — that all these several and apparently, at first sight, unrelated words into which the syllable *muse* enters, contain a more or less remote reference to the Muse of classic fancy, faith, or fable (whichever one chooses to call it); that, instead of disparaging the musings of the mind as a mere amusement, in the lighter sense of the word, a true and thoughtful criticism will rather exalt the idea of amusement, bringing back recreation to its original significance, — the *recreation* of the spirit, — whereby amusement shall be seen to be properly an earnest, as musing should rightly be a religious, thing, a kindler of devout fire; that music, too often regarded as a mere pastime, is, in truth, a divine mediator between the soul and the senses, between the actual and the ideal, the finite and the infinite; that when a German student calls his study chamber a museum, and himself a “son of the Muses,” the language which he uses is not merely the language of fancy, but involves a deep philosophy as well as poetic geni-

ality; and that, finally, the common reference to the *Muse*, in all these various terms of our familiar speech which have been enumerated, points, not only with the shadowy finger of Tradition, but with the clear index-finger of divine Wisdom, to that harmony of all the liberal and refining arts and studies of life, as connected by the pervading bond of the musical, the rhythmical, the poetic element, which the very idea of the Muses, as entertained and developed by ancient poetry and religion, happily suggests.

It would be a narrow piety and a shallow philosophy, which should incapacitate or indispose any one to discern, amidst the fanciful conceptions and creations of the ancient mind, merely on the ground that it was a *pagan* mind, the suggestions, the scattered and struggling gleams at least, even if not the orderly shapings, of a divine beauty, truth, and wisdom.

"Mised by fancy's meteor ray,  
By passion driven,"

undoubtedly, frail and fallible men have too often been in all ages, even in their highest aspirings; but even Paganism had a light which, if it "led astray," did so because of the quality of the atmosphere it entered, and which assuredly was, in itself, *not* a lurid glare from the nether pit, but "light from heaven." Indeed, who shall dare to say, that, in some respects, even amidst all its errors, the pagan mind did not discern or feel a ray of the eye of God, a broad revelation of the soul's ideal, through intense, though intermittent, communion with the "universal Presence," a vision of the harmony of the higher studies, which modern science and philosophy and piety have too seldom even aspired to attain.

Let us consider for a moment the part which the Muses play in the domain of ancient mythology. It may seem singular, that, of the nine Muses, there was no one distinctively identified with the very art which is named after them, music. One reason seems to be, that they were all geniuses of minstrelsy; for they constituted a choir, and were under the leadership of Apollo, the god of music *and of medicine*. But what is chiefly to our purpose to notice, next to the religious

nature attributed to the functions of the Muses, is, that these Muses, these musical beings, had in charge not merely those accomplishments which have been commonly regarded as intended for ornament and amusement chiefly, — the fine arts and light literature, song and dance, poetry, eloquence, and fiction (though some of these have always been recognized as having a more serious aspect, poetry toward the ideal, and eloquence toward the business, of life), — but they also presided, at least through one of their number, over the grave domain of history, and, through another, over a certain department of the sciences, — those which called man up to hear the music of the spheres; to behold the dance of atoms, and feel, until he could become himself a conscious part of it, the harmony of creation. Clio and Urania may be regarded as respectively celebrating the divine manifestation in the procession of human events, and in the movements of the universe. And when we add to these the two further facts, that the poets often invoke the Muse, in the singular number, as if any one of them could represent the whole, or as if the ardent votary passed up through the distinct personalities to the common musical nature running through them all; and that, on the other hand, the priests of history and of science are found referring and appealing to the whole circle of Muses indiscriminately, each for his own province, as if all moved together on every occasion that was worthy the intercession of one, — when we consider all these things, we are prepared for a glimpse of the meaning of this branch of the ancient mythology as yearning to intimate that musical bond which permeates and unites arts, letters, and sciences, — all the various forms of human learning and intellectual culture. Whether the ancients thought an astronomer could be *undevout* without being mad, or not, it is clear that the classic languages provided that the genuine astronomer and historian, and the genuine scholar in any field, should be, at least, a man poetically inspired. The mere fact that the name of the Muses came to stand for a synonym of learning, — that what we are apt to call the driest sciences, mathematics, morals, and even theology, came under the head of *Music*, — is a volume in itself.

One of the most beautiful passages of Virgil is that in which, at the close of one of the books of his poem on the art, science, and poetry of farming, after that memorable eulogium on the life of the husbandman, "*too* happy if he knew his own blessings," he makes that sublime transition, and invokes the Muses as the powers that preside over natural philosophy. (Of course, we do not pretend to reproduce the majesty of his Roman numbers, or to give much more than the meaning of his words.) "But as for me," he says, —

"Me may the darling Muses whom I love  
And serve, their pious priest, all else above,  
Accept and show me heaven, each path and star;  
What Sol's eclipses, Luna's labors are;  
Whence earthquakes come; what heaves the ancient main  
Up from its bed, and lets it sink again;  
Why winter suns, wheeled seaward, dip from sight  
So soon, and what retards the lazy night.  
But if the curdling blood around my heart  
Bid me from nature's mysteries stand apart,  
Then welcome rural scenes, the field and hill,  
The valley threaded by the winding rill;  
Hæmus and Taygetus shall be my themes;  
Inglorious let me love the woods and streams.  
Blest were the man, indeed, who once could know  
The cause of every thing above, below;  
Inexorable fate and every fear  
Could trample under foot; and on whose ear  
Should die, faint murmuring, and be heard no more,  
Devouring Acheron's remorseless war!  
But fortunate is also he who knows  
The rustic Gods, that haunt the woods, and those  
Who love the margin of pellucid lymphs,  
Pan, old Sylvanus, and the Sister Nymphs."

The author of the *Georgics*, were he living in our day, would hardly be the man to give in to the shallow apprehension, that the penetration of modern mind into the causes of all things, on the one hand, or the mechanical improvements of the age through the application of science to art on the other, are going to dislodge the Muses from their throne or their temple. As to the keenness of man's insight to detect causes, he would have owned by this time what he seems already to have had a presentiment of, — that finite sagacity,

however aided by telescope and microscope, can never do more than magnify the unfathomableness of the mystery that hangs round the innermost essence and cause of all; and that, even if it were possible, conceivable, that the very mechanism of the heavenly spheres of cause and power, infinite as they must be, should be laid bare to the observation of some inner eye, not the less would the sons of God continue to swell the majestic song with which of old they greeted the coming-forth of the Lord into creation,—the hymn which that creation itself, indeed, is for ever silently uttering in the ear of God.

The light of our best philosophy, thrown backward on the position of the pagan poet, shows that what the spirit within him struggled to express, when he apprehended that the blood around his heart, chilling with holy dread, would forbid him to penetrate nature's last secrets, was just the truth; that the ultimate essence of things is intimate, and therefore unsearchable; that what the Muses had for their most august function to reveal to him was, that poesy is the flower and spirit of the ripest philosophy. And this idea, developed by the culture of a later age of Christian wisdom, would have led him still to see, that his office, which he so magnified as priest of the Muses, was not only not obsolete, but more glorious than ever.

And as to the alleged prosaic tendency of the levelling inventions of this age of comforts and contrivances, he would have found new themes for the Muse in the victories of mind over matter, in the presentiments awakened of even newer and finer mediations between the worlds of nature and of spirit, and in the prophetic echoes which his quick ear would have heard, in the tick of the telegraph and the rumble of the rail-car, of the coming of those Saturnian times of equal justice and national simplicity and human brotherhood.

Not less than this, we may infer from the Roman poet's devout and harmonious association of song and science, would have been his feeling of the indestructibleness of the interest represented by the Muses. And now let us turn for a moment, in another field of learning, to another apparently tri-

vial, but really somewhat significant fact. When the Greek historian Herodotus divides his History into nine books and heads, each with the name of one of the Muses, shall we interpret this to mean that he suspected himself to be, after all, only a fabulist; that he felt himself to be writing for the amusement of his readers; that he was only *telling a story*, — like the naughty boy whom his mother, by that phrase, accuses of *fibbing*, — shall we, in short, let that tacit appeal to the authority of the Muses suggest the most remote connection between the Father of History and the *Father of Lies*? Of course, not; but it may *not* be a matter of course that we shall do what we ought to, namely, discern here another hint of the great truth so extensively and often intensely working in the ancient mind, of the universality of the office of the Muses. Herodotus reminds us by the very titles of his books, that, *if* "truth is" often "stranger than fiction," fiction is also often the truest history; that, at any rate, that is higher truth which must be sung than that which can only be said. He reminds us, in a word, that history is also, in the original sense, a *Museum*, a hall of the Muses. And what we may regard as the twofold, but what to him was the simple, reason of his arranging their names at the head of his chapters, was, that he felt the writing of his history to be not only a poetic, but a pious task. He regarded history as epic and romantic, and all history as sacred, — none *profane*.

The facts of ancient mythology on which we have been building, may be commonplace to most of our readers; but we can hardly think, that the use to which we would put them is common. The name Muses, which has grown so familiar to our ears as to have lost almost entirely the savor and sanctity of its primitive significance, once denoted the inheritance of the musical element in the divine nature, that all the liberal studies derived therefrom their inspiration, that it was the bond of union among them, and that this golden chain which connected them altogether attached them all to the skies.

If it is old fogysm to have a sort of faith in the Muses, we confess ourselves so far old fogies. They may have fallen

asleep : but we may find, some day, Christian names for them ; and, by that time, they may be ready for resurrection.

We are too prompt to assume, that, because we have a better theology than the ancients had, we have a better, or more, religion. It may be that our theology is an advance on theirs, if it has felt the softening and enlarging influence of the gospel humanities ; but this *if* is emphatic, and there is something about the spirit of their studies in which the ages called Christian might well take a lesson from pagan antiquity. The peculiar and touchingly beautiful use of the word *pictas*, in the Latin language, comprehending at once all the holiest relations of earth, and the reciprocal relations between earth and heaven ; expressing not only the affection of children for their parents and for each other, but that of parents toward their children ; not only the reverence of men for gods, but the respect of gods for men ; not only the devotion of the patriot to his country, but the care of the country for her children ; and the extending of this piety to the Muses themselves, — such things tempt one to ask whether there is so much of the musical in *our* piety as, according to the Christian faith, there ought to be. The ancient pagan may have worshipped an *unknown*, but not an *unfelt* God. To him *all* things were *full of Jove*.

Schiller having been moved by his feeling of the contrast between the graceful, genial side of the ancient mythology, and the unpoetic, unlovely misrepresentation of religion in much of modern creed and character, to pour forth his sorrow over the dead gods of Greece, in that melodious eloquence for which he is so remarkable, Mrs. Browning takes him to task, in one of her most beautiful poems, of which we give a few stanzas, chiefly for the sake of showing how, in one of them, she lends us an expression, implying more than she perhaps intended by it in mitigation of her sentence.

“ O ye vain, false gods of Hellas !  
 Ye are silent evermore !  
 And I dash down the old chalice  
 Whence libations ran of yore.  
 See ! the wine crawls in the dust  
 Worm-like — as your glories must !  
 Since Pan is dead.

Get to dust, as common mortals,  
 By a common doom and track !  
 Let no Schiller from the portals  
 Of that Hades call you back,  
 Or instruct us to weep, all,  
 At your antique funeral.

Pan, Pan is dead."

But this is the passage we particularly refer to, —

"By your beauty, which confesses  
 Some Chief Beauty conquering you;  
 By our grand heroic guesses,  
 Through your falsehood, at the True, —  
 We will weep not . . . !"

Protesting against the word *falsehood*, if it implies that the ancient mythology was all *intentional* imposture, we ask, ought not the ancient classic poets to be thanked for *putting* us upon those "grand heroic guesses" at the meaning they so beautifully symbolize? Yes: until our wisdom and religion have more of the musical than they yet have, we *ought* to weep for the gods of Greece.

But we were to speak for the Muses in special, and not for the gods in general. And particularly we were to remark upon the meaning and moral of that unity in plurality which marked the ancient conception of the Muses, and which we take to signify that all the various departments of art, science, literature and life, which they were supposed to rule and represent, are intimately united by one poetic and musical bond.

Upon the interior harmony of the sisterhood of what are called the fine arts, which has been so much illustrated, and which the familiar phrases "speaking pictures," "frozen music," and so much other popular language show to be felt by the common heart, we shall not dwell.

In passing from the fine arts to the refining studies generally, to that learning and labor which the ancients summoned up under the term "humanities," we go out over a bridge formed by two, at least, of those very arts, — eloquence and poetry; whereof the one has a side turned to the so-called practical ends of life, and the other toward the equally practical, only interior, spiritual life; and under the bridge, as



we cross, murmurs that eternal river of music. Not only as a performer, but as a learner; not only as an artist, but as an aspirant, — is the inspiration of that music which alone makes poetry eloquent and eloquence poetic vitally needful to man.

If the first teachers of mankind, the earliest lawgivers, historians, moral and natural philosophers, theologians and theologians, delivered their instructions in verses, they did it not (as we have been told) merely for the sake of impressing them on the memory. Not for the sake of *impression*, but for the sake of *expression*, did they utter poetically what it would have been a misrepresentation of the truth to utter prosaically, *singing* their conception of that truth which is the infinite beauty, and of which the spirit, the life, is the soul of an infinite harmony. Orpheus, who was fabled to have raised the walls of Thebes to the sound of his lyre, was at once, according to the tradition, singer, statesman, and sage; and the tradition foreshadows the oneness of poesy, philosophy, and life.

No one, as we shall venture to say, is in the best sense a classic scholar, unless he brings with him from his study of the ancients a conviction how much more we need to recognize than is commonly done, in our pursuit of truth, the sacred place and function of that element which ancient genius and piety sought to express by the figure and fable of the Muses.

Take the highest study, — religion. What is faith itself, the great principle of religion, without imagination? It may lay hold upon a dead body of words, but it cannot grasp the life of the spiritual. And is not this what the Hebrew Scripture means by *prophesying with the harp*, the musical enunciation of truth which is too deep to state, too vast to define? But what, after all, is religion, true and thorough, but the electric chord, wherewith are darkly bound truth to truth, soul to soul, and all to the infinite centre?

Charity and catholicity will come in the train of the Muses, when men learn to feel, that, in the very nature of things, the *infinite* is incapable of *definition*; that it is vanity and vexation of spirit to think of demonstrating the invisible things of the spirit; that what one can demonstrate, however

it may *suggest* the spiritual reality, his very demonstration has already proved not to *be* the reality in itself.

These thoughts on the ancient fable of the Muses and its inner meaning might have been followed out to a vastly greater length in the direction of curious speculation and practical wisdom ; but we leave them here, trusting that they will pleasantly remind more than one reader of his obligation to those old pagans, and to our elders, their interpreters, who set us upon climbing that classic hill, which, though a hard hill, perchance, to youthful feet, has proved to so many not only a mount of Remembrance, but of Prophecy; not only a Parnassus, but a Pisgah.

C. T. B.

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I do not say that a man should search and learn nothing in natural arts and sciences. No : such knowledge is useful to him ; but a man must not begin with his own reason. Man ought not only to govern his life by the light of outward reason, which is good in itself, but should sink with that light into the deepest humility before God, and set the spirit and will of God foremost in all his searching, so that the light of reason may see and know things through the light of God. And, though reason may be very wise in its own sphere, and help a man to much knowledge, yet must it not arrogate such wisdom and knowledge to itself as if they were in its own possession, but give the glory thereof to God, to whom alone all wisdom and knowledge belongeth.

For this is the true faith in man, viz., to die from himself, — that is, from his own desire, — and, in all his undertakings and designs, to bring his desire into the will of God, and arrogate the doing of nothing to himself, but esteem himself, in all his doings, to be but a servant or minister of God, and to think that all he doth and undertaketh, is for God. For, in such a disposition, the spirit of God leadeth him into true uprightness and faithfulness towards his neighbor. For he thinketh thus with himself, “ I do my work, not for myself, but for God, who hath called and appointed me to do it. I am but a servant in his vineyard.” He listeneth continually after the voice of his Master, who, within him, commandeth him what he shall do. The Lord speaketh in him, and biddeth him do what he would have to be done by him.

*Behmen.*

## HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

## XXXII.\*

ICH RUF' ZU DICH, HERR JESU CHRIST.

I CRY to thee, O Christ our Lord!

Oh, hear my supplication!

And graciously this day accord

The sight of thy salvation.

The upright faith I keep in mind,

So that always striving,

In thee living,

I may to all be kind;

The gift is of thy giving.

And let me not in my sure trust,

O Lord! be disappointed;

Nor be the scoff of men unjust,

Who heed not thine Anointed.

And, when I die, on thee alone

May I be strongly founded,

And not groundless

On merits of my own;

My sentence then were sounded.

And make me from my inmost heart

To enemies forgiving,

Forgive me on my own poor part,

And grant a holier living.

Thy word shall be my heavenly food

To feed the soul's want fully,

Teaching truly

How I with heart renewed

May praise and worship duly.

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\* Through an inadvertence, the Hymn from the German in our last number was not numbered, as it should have been, "The Thirty-first." — E.

May neither fear nor fond desire  
 My soul from thee dis sever ;  
 But still a constant mind inspire  
 In grief and gladness ever.  
 From thy free grace the blessing flows,  
 Which none can reach by merit,  
 Or inherit ;  
 A true and sweet repose,  
 When we give back our spirit.  
  
 I lie yet struggling in the strife ;  
 Set help, Lord Christ, before me !  
 Within thy grace alone is life ;  
 To strength let that restore me.  
 Grant in the evil hour to me,  
 When flesh and heart are failing,  
 Might unquailing ;  
 And that at last through thee  
 I may be all-prevailing.

N. L. F.

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 XXXIII.

HERZLIEBSTER JESU, WAS HAST DU VERBROCHEN ?

JOHANN HEERMANN, 1630.

O DEAREST Saviour ! what law hadst thou broken,  
 That the death-sentence was against thee spoken ?  
 For what wert thou so tortured and reviled,  
 Thou undefiled ?

In mockery robed and crowned, as a false actor,  
 Scourged like a slave and like a malefactor ;  
 They led thee, amid scorn and malediction,  
 To crucifixion.

O matchless love ! O love beyond conceiving !  
 That thou shouldst give thyself for our relieving !  
 What shall I back to thee, Redeemer, render ?  
 What offering tender ?

In thankfulness thy goodness will I treasure;  
 Love thee supremely, and not worldly pleasure;  
 Do thy will only; all wrong feelings quelling,  
                                 Wrong thoughts repelling.

Thou wilt not disregard thy servant wholly,  
 But view with gracious eye his service lowly;  
 Thy spirit strengthen daily thy poor debtor.  
                                 To serve thee better.

N. L. F.

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 THE MORALE OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE appearance of Richard Grant White's exceedingly interesting and valuable work upon the "The Life and Genius of Shakespeare" moves us to ask, and helps us to answer, the question, "What shall we say of the great poet and dramatist as seen in the light of the Gospel?" Mr. White has evidently given us a very faithful picture of this marvellous man, refusing to adjust the facts, so far as there are any facts, to a preconceived theory. He has steadily resisted the strong temptation to find in Shakespeare what we think should have been in him, but what manifestly was not. He has reminded us again of what ought to have been already sufficiently obvious, that it is wholly aside from the purpose to quote the words of one and another character as expressions of the author's own thought. He lived in lives the most various and the most opposite. He speaks to us not only by many tongues, but out of many hearts. His creations are not himself. He hides himself wonderfully in the exercise of the creative act; it is he and yet not he that speaks. Quote him, and you may show him to have been any thing. If there is any exception to this statement, it is in the words which he puts into the lips of his fools: otherwise he lives and speaks indifferently in saint or sinner, in believer or infidel. Not from detached passages at all then can we gather up any moral estimate of this most gifted of the sons

of men. We must look at his work as a whole, and we must look at the man's life so far as we can gain glimpses of it aside from his written words.

1. Shakespeare's work as a literary artist is religious and moral, as nature, especially man's nature, is religious and moral. Take creation, as we see it, *as a whole*, take the being of man, *as a whole*, regarding not detached parts only but the general effect and impression, and the character of the element which preponderates or plainly ought to preponderate, and they witness clearly and eloquently for truth and goodness, for righteousness and love. These glorious and gracious realities are not all that nature brings into the light of life. Evil stands forth as well as good, darkness as well as light, passion as well as affection, the flesh as well as the spirit, the devil as well as the sons of God. There would seem to be no pains as far as nature is concerned so to emphasize the right and true, that there can be no questionings, much less no captious questionings. We are left at liberty to ask, "What mean these wild beasts, these pestilences, these snakes and poisons, these abortions, these lusts?" We may still ask, "Why does not Nature moralize in a most unmistakable way, so that we may be able to see and say that it is pervaded only by a good and loving God?" We may still ask, "Why are any sent into the world with so low a moral organization?" And yet how the Truth utters herself in nature, and in the children of nature! How utterly impossible is it to close our ears against her sweet, her commanding, her awful eloquence!

"Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;  
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced  
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass."

Nature does not make light of, but echoes and re-enforces, the utterances of our own higher natures. It would be a libel upon creation should one, pointing to some of its strange works, say that they preach immorality, or that nature knows neither evil nor good. It would be a libel upon the constitution of man should one say that in doing vileness he follows

his nature as truly as in doing good. On the whole and in the main, God is not without most eloquent witnesses, even in the unconscious creation, and in that human being which is made up of such opposite and conflicting elements, and out of whose depths there flames up at times such a lurid light.

So Shakespeare, "holding the mirror up to nature," displays the glory and beauty of the truth, displays them as nature does, the good speaks for itself, the evil speaks for itself, and the better cause hath the better argument. "To the pure all things are pure," whether in nature or in nature's darling. Making allowance for the peculiarities in the tastes and usages of his times, the dramas of Shakespeare can scarcely be called unclean, even in their most objectionable portions, save as nature is unclean. We find in him nothing so offensive as much which defiles the pages of Dryden, or even of Pope. Dryden, we are sorry to say, seems to take pleasure in the animalism which he depicts: not so Shakespeare. We are not excusing uncomeliness. We are thankful that, as the ages go on, and the world improves, it drops more out of sight, and, it is to be hoped, out of mind: we only say that, in the great dramatist, it is an offence chiefly to those who are prepared to be offended. And then the weight of his spiritual and moral truth, the wonderful help which he brings to all that is highest and most divine in us, the matchless discourses which he preaches to his audiences in words so plain and so moving! How much of a most healthful stimulus the world would have lost, had the plague which visited the larger part of the houses of Stratford visited the home of Shakespeare also, and taken the child away! It was not in the plan of the wise Providence, that there should be such waste as that. Many who have stigmatized him as a profane player have only wearied and vexed the world with their dull dogmatizing and moralizing, and everlasting commonplace, whilst the ages never grow weary of listening to his living and loving wisdom. Modern society is largely indebted to the words of Shakespeare for its moral culture. We do not mean that he carries us to heights which had never been reached before, or that he is in any sense a

moral pioneer or explorer; but he does make what was ours already more truly ours, and digs from common fields the richest treasures.

2. Turning now to the life of Shakespeare, as distinguished from his works, we encounter a strange moral phenomenon. Our experience is very largely one of severe disappointment. How can we say less than this: "He was a great writer, but he was not a truly great man." Making every allowance which the largest and sweetest charity can suggest, recognizing the fact that we know very little about him, admitting that the circumstances of his household were singularly unpropitious, we cannot find upon his life the stamp of real greatness, of the truest wisdom. Perhaps his case is so very peculiar that we ought to deal with it as exceptional. He seems to have been *conscious of nothing*. He set no value, as is well known, upon his great dramas, was careful only of his far less valuable poems. He was quite content, and asked nothing besides, when his plays had been made to yield the utmost pecuniary return. He wrote for this reward, gained it, and asked no more. Perhaps this intellectual unconsciousness may be pleaded in explanation of his moral unconsciousness; but at any rate, however we may explain it, it seems to have been the fact, that we know nothing of him which betrays a high sense of duty, that nothing heroic comes to us in the story of his life, that we have along with the most wonderful writing only the most ordinary living, such as we may hear of any day in the commonest literary hack. Of obedience to conscience, consecration to humanity, communion with God as the chief ends of life, he seems to have had little practical experience. His spirit went into his written words: if they had perished nothing would have been left for us: they were not to him messages which God had given him to convey and utter, — only so much composition for so much money; and, when the money had been earned and laid aside, he cared no more for the precious sentences. As we say, this indifference is so strange, that it amounts almost to an apology for a life so commonplace. We can hardly judge by common mea-



sures a man who could do the greatest things in utter unconsciousness, even without any desire to be admired and praised. Still the fact remains, that the elements which make up the hero and the saint never came into the light of that wonderful life. His youth was not, so far as we can learn, exemplary. His hand if not his heart was foolishly bestowed. He wrought with no high sense of his vocation. He ought to have magnified and redeemed his calling as an actor of plays: he was only ashamed of the vocation, if not of the plays also. He was a good son, for aught we know he was a tolerant husband, though his resource in this respect would seem to have been a protracted absenteeism: he was kindly, thrifty, just, sweet-tempered and companionable, no sensualist, though, not superior to the foolish and convivial excesses of the day, he came to his end in all probability by a fever induced by over-indulgence at the table.

Plainly, the man was one and the words of the man were another. We must class Shakespeare amongst the great geniuses, not amongst the great examples. "Great men are not always wise." There is a certain commerce of the intellect with divine things which yields golden words, but not immortal deeds. The splendor of the intellect must not blind us to the poverty of the moral being. Godlike the poet was in his thoughts and imaginings, but very, very manlike in his doings. We say it not to degrade one who has been almost worshipped to mortal degrees; but for the truth's sake, and also to emphasize by contrast the high estate of religious and moral heroism. We say it because so many, forgetting the heaven-wide difference between living and speaking, between deed and word, are so ready to name Shakespeare even in connexion with the greatest name that is named on earth, in connection with him whose work and whose life were one, what he spake the parable of what he was, his speech the commentary upon his pure living. The least in the kingdom of heaven — the least who is born into a divine consciousness, and who, knowing God, can only love and serve God — is greater than the greatest child of earth. And how should even those who are called gods, and

who in some good sense *are* gods, bow down and worship that sovereign Lord who rules the world, not by such eloquence as mere scholars and learned men prize, but by the power of truth,—truth unto life, unto pure and peaceable living in the sight of God and man. "Not by might, not by wisdom, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." "There is but One Name whereby we may be saved."

E.

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"TO FILL THE MOMENT WORTHILY IS EVERLASTING LIFE."—DR. F. H. HEDGE.

O TIME! thou fleet, delusive dream,  
 Creature of space and rolling orbs,  
 Thou art, art not; for all thou art  
 Another vaster truth absorbs.

Time is of matter. Strike that out,  
 And hours and days, and months and years,  
 Measured by travelling planets, cease:  
 The measure gone, time disappears!

But though the universe should fail,  
 No dial mark the passing hour,  
 Still would the soul its periods make,  
 Still chronicle, with startling power,

Each passing thought, each fitting shade  
 Of feeling, human joy or woe,—  
 Inscribed in fadeless characters,  
 As onward we for ever go.

Lord, what a sum is one day's life!  
 How years and ages thus record  
 Their crowded wisdom in an hour,  
 And fortunes tremble on a word!

Now is the moment; now the point  
 In the soul's state for ever rife;  
 While heaven's eternal heights proclaim,—  
 Now is the everlasting life!

W. M. F.

## A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S LESSON.

"Help one another."

"SINCE our conversation a few Sundays ago, on the subject of 'overcoming difficulties,' I have thought it would be well occasionally thus to put aside the regular lesson for the day, and take up some subject more intimately connected with our every-day experience; and I have thought I would like for our present lesson to try what good we may draw from the words, 'Help one another.' I think we are all of us far too little aware of the obligation we are under to do all that we can to aid those around us, those at least beyond our own family circle and immediate friends. We may not be altogether as narrow in our ideas of duty in this respect as was the little Scotch girl in the story, who, when asked to lead home to its parents, whom she knew, a little wandering child, turned away with indifference, saying, 'It's nane o' my brither;' but we have far too little of that large charity which makes us to see an object in every human being within the sphere of our influence. The relations of kindred and friendship, designed to be the means of enlarging the affections, are too often permitted to narrow them, making many to imagine that they have no obligations beyond these limits. The parable of the Good Samaritan seems to me a standing rebuke of all those who would thus narrow the compass of their responsibilities."

"But it is natural, is it not, Miss Ellis, that we should love our friends, and do for them more than for others?"

"Certainly, Agnes, but not to others' exclusion, provided we have the opportunity of extending to them any manifestation of our good will. And we cannot live as we do, surrounded by others, without having such opportunities often. We may not have the means of giving much, that is, in the way of money, or the things which money represents; yet still, there are many things that we can give, there is much we have the power to do. To give a cup of water at your

door is to help another, a few flowers from your garden to some little child. A kind word that makes another feel pleasanter and happier is doing good, or a little act of kindness that takes but a few moments of your time. It would be impossible for me to mention all the ways in which we may help those around us. They are more almost than we can think. What we need generally is only the feeling that inclines us to assist them."

"I am afraid I haven't this feeling, Miss Ellis, as much as I ought. I acknowledge that I have frequently had opportunities of helping others when I haven't had the inclination. It seems to me often too much trouble.

"And sometimes, Agnes, you have perhaps gone so far as to ask yourself whether you would be likely to have any return for your good offices, and have given or withheld them accordingly."

"Yes, I think I sometimes have."

"It is acting from the largest, most disinterested feeling when we give or do good, as we may express it, 'hoping for nothing again,' but as a stimulus to induce us to put forth our efforts, trusting that we may in time arrive at this larger feeling. I think we may take for our encouragement the words, 'Give, and it shall be given unto you: good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom.' We must act at the moment as far as possible without the hope of reward; but we are permitted to believe that there is no action in any degree disinterested without some meed of return. Sometimes, it may be, it is only in feeling, in the satisfaction which follows the act; but often it is in the shape of some substantial benefit. You can doubtless, all of you, remember instances in your own experience of this. I think, Margaret, I once heard you speak of receiving a valuable gift in return for some slight favor."

"Yes, a lady visiting at our house wanted a few inches of embroidery to complete the pattern for an article she was making. She could not buy any like it except in Boston, and she was very anxious to finish the article to send the

next day to a friend as a birth-day gift. I looked at the work, and thought I could imitate it. Drawing the pattern, in two or three hours I finished enough to complete the article, which was sent the next day to her friend. Her gratification at thus being able to finish the work was sufficient remuneration to me, but it did not satisfy her. After her return home, I received from her a beautifully bound edition of Milton's works."

"A long time ago, I read a story that comes to me as a striking example of what we are now considering, that there is no kindness without its reward. A traveller who was crossing the Alps was overtaken by a snow-storm at the top of a high mountain. The cold became intense. The air was thick with sleet, and the piercing wind seemed to penetrate his bones. Still the traveller for a time struggled on. But at last his limbs were benumbed, a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him, his feet almost refused to move, and he lay down on the snow to give way to that fatal sleep which is the last stage of extreme cold, and from which he would certainly never have waked again in this world.

"Just at that moment he saw another poor traveller coming along the road. The unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, in a worse condition than himself; for he too could scarcely move: all his powers were frozen, and he appeared to be just on the point to die.

"When he saw this poor man, the traveller, who was just going to lie down to sleep, made a great effort. He roused himself up; and he crawled, for he was scarcely able to walk, to his dying fellow-sufferer. He took his hands into his own, and tried to warm them. He chafed his temples; he rubbed his feet; he applied friction to his body. And, all the time, he spoke cheering words in his ear, and tried to comfort him.

"As he did thus, the dying man began to revive, his powers were restored, and he felt able to go forward. But this was not all; for his kind benefactor, too, was recovered by the efforts he had made to save his friend. The exertion of rubbing made the blood circulate again in his own body. He grew warm by trying to warm the other. His drowsiness

went off: he no longer wished to sleep: his limbs returned again to their proper force; and the two travellers went on their way together, happy, and congratulating one another on their escape. Soon the snow-storm passed away; the mountain was crossed, and they reached their homes in safety.

"Sometimes an act of kindness long since forgotten by the one who performed it is returned after an interval of years, no opportunity having occurred in that interval to show that it had been remembered. A friend of mine told me the following, which I will relate to you as an instance of this: While visiting at the house of her sister, she received such unusual attentions from a man-servant belonging to the family, that she remarked it to her sister, wondering at the cause. Her sister told her that, seven years before, he had met her in the street, and inquired of her the direction to a house he wished to find; which she not only gave him, but went a little out of her way to put him in the right course. This simple act of kindness was never forgotten. Learning her name, he had always remembered it; and, now that he had the opportunity of doing something in return, he had shown her the civilities she had remarked as so unusual, prompted by the remembrance of an act which she had forgotten as soon as performed, but which he had treasured during seven long years.

"Another instance occurs to me in the life of Alexander H. Stevens, of Georgia, the rebel Vice-President, the man so strangely seduced from the advocacy of the noblest principles to acquiescence in the doctrines and policy of the rebel leaders. When a poor boy, without home or parents, or any one to protect or guide him, he one night reached in his wanderings the house of a wealthy planter, who kindly took him in, fed, lodged, and sent him on his way with a blessing. Years rolled round: Providence led him along; he had reached the legal profession; his hospitable host had died, and his widow was in danger of being reduced from affluence to poverty by means of false claims being made against her estate. Obligated to resort to the law in defence of her rights, she sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him; and that counsel

proved to be the orphan boy years before welcomed and cared for by her and her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to that of the ordinary motives connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted: he gained it; and the widow's estates were permanently secured to her.

"I have said that the recompense for an act of kindness might sometimes only be realized in the satisfaction which flows from the act itself; but, in addition to this, I think we may feel that no act of this kind is ever without some good result to him who is the object of it. We may never know this; but I think we may be permitted to believe it. We have the following from Douglas Jerrold:—

"The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a barefooted boy, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village; with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of the Sunday morning. The possessor of the garden came forth from his little cottage: he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole week at his work in the woods. He had come into his garden to gather a flower to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy; and, breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations,—it was streaked with red and white,—gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke one word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now, here at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation is long since withered, but it now blooms afresh."

"This is by no means a solitary instance of this kind: I believe, indeed, there are few who cannot remember some little kind word or act of another in their childhood which has filled them with happiness, which has followed them in some way for good. There are many, I am confident, who remember such acts only to know that their thoughts and feelings have been permanently influenced by them, that they

have even contributed to the formation of what was best in their characters. I can recall instances, in my own past, of little kindnesses that I think have helped to awaken in me and to keep alive the same feeling toward others which prompted the performance of these acts toward me. No good word or act or manifestation of any kind is ever lost; we may be sure of it: let us then, my dear pupils, not stint our kindnesses, confident that they shall return to us, or blossom and bear fruit in other hearts, each one a seed from which good influences will never cease to flow. And, while we have this faith, let us at the same time strive to make our actions truly and purely disinterested: it is possible, I believe, often, if not always, wholly to lose the thought of self in our interest in others; and our action becomes then truly noble. I remember the reply of a boy, who, having saved another boy from drowning at the imminent risk of his own life, was asked how he came to rush into such danger. 'I could not bear to see him drown, and I forgot all about myself.' Self-forgetfulness! How truly noble is it! How does it win our admiration! How worthy is it, indeed, of our truest reverence!

"I give you, in closing, the following fable from Krummacher:—Two travellers once rested on their journey at an inn, when suddenly a cry arose that there was a fire in the village. One of the travellers immediately sprang up, and ran to offer his assistance. But the other strove to detain him, saying, 'Why should you waste your time? Are there not hands enough to assist? Why concern ourselves about strangers?' His friend, however, listened not to his remonstrances, but hastened to the fire; the other following, and looking on at a distance. A woman rushed out of the burning house, crying, 'My children! My children!' When the stranger heard this, he darted into the house among the burning timbers, while the flames raged fiercely around him. 'He will surely perish,' cried the spectators. But after a short time, behold! he came forth with scorched hair, carrying two young children in his arms, and delivered them to their mother. She embraced the infants, and fell at the



stranger's feet. But he lifted her up, and comforted her. The house soon fell with a terrible crash. As the stranger and his companion returned to the inn, the latter said, 'Who bade thee risk thy life in such a dangerous attempt?' 'He,' answered the first, 'who bids me put the seed into the ground, that it may decay, and bring forth the new fruit.' 'But if thou hadst been buried among the ruins?' His companion smiled, and said, 'Then should I myself have been the seed.'"

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## SWEETS OF ZION.

O ZION! how pure and exalted a pleasure  
 Thy beauty of holiness has to impart,  
 While evermore precious and permanent treasure  
 Thy sweet, sacred memories store in the heart,  
 For Christians in union and holy communion  
 The Dove that descendeth and dwells in the heart!

The altars, where Heaven enkindles devotion  
 And wings of the Spirit upbear as above,  
 The penitent tear and the pious emotion,  
 The blessing of giving, the labor of love, —  
 In memory's treasure the multiplied pleasure,  
 And usury sweet from the loaning of love!

O Zion! when we have ascended thy mountain,  
 And viewed the world's trouble and turmoil beneath,  
 And plunged in the crystal of Calvary's fountain,  
 And gales of the Spirit have given us breath,  
 We look over time with a prospect sublime  
 Of Paradise passing the Jordan of death!

And, when we descend in the valley we tread in,  
 And take up the burden of business and care,  
 Still memory traces our Zion's oasis,  
 And wafts over weariness heavenly air,  
 And waters indwelling for ever are welling  
 From springs of salvation perennial there! R. F. F.

## GOD IN CHRIST.

THE wants and aspirations of our nature furnish evidence, at once profound and forcible, of the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. The cry of Philip on that dark night in Gethsemane, before the crucifixion, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us," — do not tell us about him, but show us, — is not this the uttered and unexpressed cry of every human soul? Then all revelations of God aside from this of the *incarnation* of the divine in Jesus, do they not manifestly fail to meet and satisfy our deepest want? So we believe, if for no other reason, because they are lacking in respect to that human element and character which peculiarly adapts the revelation of God in Christ to our need. For this reason the response of Jesus, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," embodies a most central and precious truth. He certainly means very much more than that he had merely taught them concerning the Father; uttering, as he plainly does, a clear, unambiguous statement of a fact. As such we would receive it, with no desire to explain away or tone down its obvious import. But it does not therefore follow, that our Lord was a full and perfect revelation of all the infinite attributes of God. "The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork;" but very different from this is the revelation of God in Christ. By the one, we may contemplate him as the omnipotent One who inhabiteth eternity, — may gaze upon the unimaginable glory in which he dwelleth, with the sublime mysteries which surround his eternal throne. But, had we no other knowledge of God (or way of access to him), it would be impossible to find satisfactory grounds of trust in him and love to him. For, so far from being thus led to look to him in the spirit of love and trust, we are but oppressed, and the aspirations of our hearts are smothered, by the unerring steadiness, the sublime and faultless precision, of law and order everywhere perfectly reigning. By our conscious weakness, more-

over, is begotten within us an abiding sense of dependence on the beneficence and mercy of that incomprehensible Omnipotence which hath created and sustains us. We are struggling with difficulties; filled with doubts; burdened with cares; corrupted with sins, and smitten with remorse; and without the revelation of God in Christ. What ground of assurance have we that the Infinite Being who made and governs all things has any special regard for us, much less bears us in the arms of his omnipotent love? From what other source, we confidently ask, does the assurance come? As we turn our thoughts to the infinite heavens, the exclamation mounts to our lips, "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him?" It seems as if we were unnoticed, and absolutely lost, in the infinite immensity of things; and therefore our pre-eminent need is to be assured that we are of value in his sight, and may share in the infinite blessedness of his love. It has been truly said, that our great want is that he "should for once touch, as no hand but his can touch, the springs of this all-encompassing order, and say in the sublime pause, 'I love thee: I will bear thee in the arms of my affection, and shelter thee beneath my providence.'" Nevertheless, with some, this is gravely doubted. It is even affirmed that such is not our need; that the supposition itself is a visionary assumption of superstitious minds; that nature and reason, with the witness of the soul, are sufficient to teach us to lean trustingly, in every emergency, on the arms of God. But let those who assert this stand by it if they will. It is not the verdict of experience, or sustained by observation. For, if we interpret the voice of that experience aright, it tells of the dominating rule of evil lusts and passions,—of the triumphs of temptation,—of deep depression and sore conflicts, in the midst of overwhelming doubts,—of disappointments which settle a thick gloom over the pathway of life,—of afflictions which no outward circumstances or consolations which man may offer can alleviate,—of dread voids in human loving hearts, and of dark and fearful desolations in happy earthly homes. To all this, and more than this, it bears universal and unequivocal testimony.

And it is perfectly idle to offer to persons in these inevitable emergencies, considerations of the character suggested, as affording proper motives for reformation with adequate grounds of consolation, encouragement, and hope.

For then has this central truth of the gospel alone power to render the trust we need to exercise in God possible, to give to us our needed consolation, and to move us to the unburthening of ourselves in confessions the most sincere. Then any merely natural reasonings are indeed destitute of power, in the nature of the case, to satisfy our profoundest heart-longings.

We forcibly realize, then, our need of the peculiar blessings which this great truth of Christianity brings to us; and from our extremity comes the fervent heart cry of the disciples, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." And, thanks be to God! to this perpetual petition of humanity there is ever a glorious response in the gospel. Of course (as we have said), God is thus revealed in a sense peculiar. We see "the blessed and only Potentate" in "the man Christ Jesus," — "the image of the invisible God" in human form. And how does this serve to enhance the value of the gospel, and deepen our appreciation of our Lord? How does it quicken us to newness of life in him, and fill our hearts with thrilling joy?

It hath pleased God the Father Almighty thus to assume our nature, that he might redeem us to himself. We see the Father in the Son, "God in Christ." In believing in him we believe in the Father, and in receiving him we receive the Father; and this not because, as one commissioned so to do, he has taught us concerning the Father, but because "*God was in him.*" By the works of God, we may in a degree comprehend his infinite attributes; and it would doubtless be impossible to obtain a better conception of their transcendent scope and sublimity than we are thus aided to form. But God in Christ is needed, nevertheless, to fill and tone our conception of his being and attributes thus formed, — to give to us the knowledge of the Holy Spirit, and of the all-pervading personal divine presence.

We worship hence, as one has said, "not the cold intellectual deity of natural religion, — not the distant majesty of a speculative theism," but one ever-blessed God, the Father — "in spirit and in truth." We cry Abba, Father, because we have the spirit of adoption and of sonship. And what an exhibition of grace! Between God and us are the unsounded depths of infinity, — the light unapproachable, before which angels veil their faces, as also the "clouds and darkness" which are for ever "round about him."

We cannot approach unto him; but, blessed be his holy name! in answer to the prayer of our benighted, sin-corrupted, trembling nature, he hath revealed himself to us in a way so infinitely sweet and tender, and so perfectly adapted to our great need.

Thanks for a revelation of himself so human as to perfectly meet and satisfy the wants of our nature, which else must have their birth and being in our consciousness in vain.

Thanks that we may see how to trust in God by being led with confidence to trust in the Son of God; how to love him by having our affections drawn towards the Son, whom to know is to love with all the heart; and how also to obey him by being taught to yield obedience to him in whom God was "manifest in the flesh."

Therefore have we in him an authority the need of which is strongly implanted in our nature and consciousness. We may assert the contrary of this; but facts will speedily render our assertions valueless.

The want exists: it forms one of the sources of the vast popular power of Romanism, — which is by its assumptions perpetually saying to tempest-tost and half-bewildered humanity, "Repose ye in the bosom of the Church. Here is rest, for here is authority, a finality;" and the appeal is powerful because it is addressed to a profound want in our nature.

On a certain occasion, one of the disciples said, "Lord, to whom shall we go? *thou hast the words of eternal life*;" and this we believe. The want exists, as real and definite as any other. But no want of God's creating exists in vain. Want,

in his works, is ever met with abounding supply. Where, then, is the supply to this want, but in him who is "*the way, the truth, and the life?*" In what other direction, indeed, may be found its adequate supply? Where else can we go? Shall it be to the ecclesiasticism adverted to? "Other foundations can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ." Shall it be some system of philosophy? Philosophies ever change, and pass away. What is required is an authority divine, before which the profoundest philosophy, the greatest human intelligence, and most perfect culture, may reverently sit as listener and learner, and to which all may come with confidence for unerring guidance. And in him in whom we see the Father, who is "made of God unto us wisdom, sanctification, and redemption," is the absolute authority we need. Therefore, again, we have in our exigencies of responsibility and trial, assurance of God's compassionate love and care. And whose heart does not respond to this most conspicuous teaching and blessed assurance of our Lord? We see him a constant minister to the uneasy and heavy ladened, how he met and bound up broken and bleeding hearts; and we know that this is the Father's disposition of love towards us. We hear *him* say also, "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy ladened, and I will give you rest;" and we know that this is God's invitation, not only because our Lord uttered it, but because we see it verified in him, and what we see in him verified is a verity of God. For God is in him.

When also, by the loss of those whose departure has left sad vacancies in our homes, our hearts are steeped in the bitterness of unalleviated grief; when the question is prompted, whether the Being who thus afflicts can be good; when words, however multiplied, are destitute of power to satisfy our anguish-riven affections, — it is then our privilege to see the Father's disposition of love and compassion towards us, because we see the same verified in our Lord. So also is met and answered the prayer in extremities, of our sin-corrupted hearts. When the voice of God in our conscience is putting to silence other voices, and, under an over-

powering conviction of our sinfulness and unworthiness, we feel that we can only speak of the divine mercy, and that we have but this one hope left, we may then go to him who with the whole earnestness of his being sought to save the lost, not casting from him the worst sinner, as an humble penitent, and find in him our reconciliation with God, — may melt down before the moving fact of the divine love and mercy verified to us in him; and, in the words of Christ, "Go, and sin no more," may find God's word of forgiveness, not only to ourselves, but to all penitents of all time.

Thus may our hearts be lifted in swelling songs of gratitude, and love unfeigned, for the redemption brought nigh to us in our Lord Jesus Christ.

In this central truth of the gospel is contained also the explanation of the attractive, moving power of the cross of Christ. Other and good *men* have bled and died upon numberless crosses. But the cross of Christ has visibly a power far transcending that of all others, — a power which attracts and moves the world. And is there any other rational explanation of this, save in the fact, that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself;" and therefore that his cross is the cross of God in Christ speaking to the world of the divine compassion and love, the divine forbearance and long-suffering for its redemption?

We conceive there is not. And we thank God for a Saviour, and such a Saviour as the world needs. F.

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#### THE GAIN FROM SADNESS.

OUR sadness is not sad, but our cheap joys. Let us be sad about all we see and are, for so we demand and pray for better. It is the constant prayer and whole Christian religion. I could hope that you would get well soon, and have a healthy body for this world, but I know this cannot be; and the Fates, after all, are the accomplisners of our hopes. Yet I do hope you may find it a worthy struggle, and life seem grand still through the clouds.  
— *Thoreau's Letters.*

## MORNING SIDE.

## CHAPTER X. — TESTIMONIES, PROSE.

NOTHING in my country experience surprised me more than to find the winter so much more attractive than I had expected. Not that we had no discomforts, — what place is without them? Especially in stormy weather, and in muddy walking, we felt a sense of isolation; and the flesh-pots of Egypt, upon which we looked back, meant sidewalks and gas-lights.

For my part, I found many compensations. The keen pure air gave a sense of health and vigor such as I never felt before. I believe that when the ground is covered with snow, some changes, as yet undetected, are wrought in the atmosphere. It seems not unlikely that this should be the fact. What a different play-ground the winds have when, one day, they sport over an expanse, perhaps of an hundred miles, of wet and frozen earth, and the next day, for a like distance, frolic over a spotless carpet of glistening crystals! The air must have, one would think, some different properties on these two days. And one property of snow-air, I believe, is to exhilarate the animal spirits.

I used to suspect this when, in the city, I observed how hilarious the town was on a bright morning after a snow-storm. But I did not know how far this might be an excitement from contrast and local customs. From what I have seen in the country, I believe that not only the human system feels the exhilarating effect, but that it is shared by the brute creation. If any one doubts this, he might ask what farmers think when they turn out their stock on a winter morning, or observe how much the horses share the excitement of a sleigh-ride.

Formerly, I supposed that, in winter, the trees are deprived of their beauty. But, even after they have put off their leafy honors, how much is left to challenge our study



and admiration ! The singularly provident and graceful proportions of their different parts can be observed to much better advantage when their branches are nude. The ever-varied beauty of their spray, as seen against the clear blue sky, is something which my eye has only lately learned to appreciate.

When I see the trees in winter hold so securely, in the the most biting cold, that mysterious principle of life which no wit of man has yet detected, and quietly bide the time for bloom and growth, what symbols they are, I sometimes say to myself, of a sturdy and patient faithfulness !

The fairy-like and gorgeous scene beheld when, on some bright winter morning, the trees, shrubs, and grass are all bending under the weight of sparkling coverings of ice, has been often described. What would a native of the torrid zone think, were he suddenly introduced into enchantments that surpass all that the imagination had conceived ? I have walked through the woods, in the rear of Arthur Ashton's house, when I have thought, that, if such a spectacle as they then presented could be seen but in one spot on the face of the earth, all the world would flock to it, and the old famous sights would be eclipsed.

If, with the common elements of air and water, such marvellous scenes can be improvised, what resources are in His hands, and what other visions of beauty may gladden our eyes in the great hereafter !

A heavy fall of snow makes a sort of jubilee in the country. Early in the morning, the farmer's teams are yoked to break out the highways. One can see them slowly making their path along the chief roads, the oxen wallowing in deep drifts, encouraged by the shouts of men and boys on the sleds.

The winter, to which in these pages I have before referred, offered a general turn-out of this kind. A snow-storm of unusual severity had raged for a day and two nights. The roads, in many places filled as high as the walls with snow, and occasionally with drifts eight and ten feet deep, demanded immediate attention. Men, oxen, and sleds were despatched

at once from Arthur Ashton's, Uncle Ephraim's, and indeed from all the chief homesteads of the town; and, when they met at the forks of the roads, there was an exchange of many a joke, which, if at times lacking in wit, was abundantly compensated by laughter.

At the close of this scene, Uncle Ephraim proposed that he and I should go up, and pass an hour with Arthur.

On entering his room, he told us that he had watched our labors from his window, and it called to mind many like times he had enjoyed in former winters. "As I saw you," said he, "on the sled, struggling through the drifts of snow, which resembled an ocean white with foam, you seemed like a shipwrecked party on a raft, and your half-buried oxen were not unlike huge tritons you had compelled to serve you, though their progress was hardly as rapid as that of water-monsters.

*Uncle Ephraim.*—We got along as fast as we could, Mr. Arthur; for man and boy did their best while they were within sight of your windows.

*Arthur.*—The depth of snow appeared to me to be quite worthy of old times.

*Uncle Ephraim.*—Not much compared with what some stories of old times relate, though I have often suspected that, like a ball of snow, such stories grow by rolling. But, Mr. Arthur, as you sit there, in front of your huge pile of books, with a few wide open near you, you make me think of a husker in the barn, who has a heap of corn and baskets of ears before him.

*Arthur.*—Let me show you a few golden ears which I have husked out. They may not be of a kind which you and our neighbor here would have selected: I have culled those that make some nourishing bread for me. "How happens it," says a French writer\* I was reading, "that some pretend that atheism frees us from every kind of terror about futurity? I cannot perceive that such a conclusion follows. A God, such as my heart delineates, encourages and sustains all my affections. I say to myself, He is good and indulgent, he knows our weaknesses, he loves to produce happiness; and I see the advances of death with

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\* Necker.

confidence and hope. But every fear would become reasonable, if I lived under the dominion of a Power whose wishes and laws are unknown. I seek for some means to escape from it; but even death cannot afford me a retreat, nor space an asylum. A blind fatality surrounds me, and governs me imperiously. In vain I demand what is to be done with me. It is deaf to my voice. What a fatal blow to my happiness to abandon all my ideas of infinite wisdom, justice, and goodness; to believe that the universe is without a Father and Governor, and that there is no power in nature that I can invoke as a Protector!"

*Uncle Ephraim.*—A thought like that is no strange thing to me, Mr. Arthur; and I have wondered, too, how it could be supposed that we get rid of all fear of the future if we take away the belief in God. If I was on a long, perilous voyage, with all my interests embarked, I don't see how I should feel any safer if we lost the captain, compass, and chart.

*Arthur.*—In seeking to escape terror, which the writer supposes is the object in view, if there be men who find more in the belief of an infinite Providence, whence comes this terror? Not from that doctrine itself; for that, as you say, has a tendency to dispel alarm, and to tranquillize the mind: and, if it comes from distrustful relations which they have formed to that Being, of course the remedy is to be found in another direction,—not by denying him, which, try as hard as it will, the mind cannot entirely do, but by seeking that repentance and love which cast out all fear. But to one who has formed any acquaintance with himself, and with the Author of his existence, how strange it sounds to him to talk of escaping terror! He does not know what terror means.

*Uncle Ephraim.*—And yet, Mr. Arthur, there may be good men who feel that the separation from the body is an event so great that they can contemplate it only with solemn dread.

*Arthur.*—Perhaps they have become so wedded to the limitations of the body, that they can hardly conceive of existence without it. Let me read to you an illustration which the old Roman orator uses. "Suppose," says Cicero, "a person to have been educated from infancy in a chamber in which he could see objects only through a small chink in the window-shutter; would he not be apt to consider this chink essential to his vision? and would it not be difficult to persuade him that his prospect would be enlarged by destroying the walls of his temporary prison?" It is not strange, then, that the soul should feel an affection for the body, and an intimate dependence upon the body. All this is through

the kindness of the adaptation of the dwelling to the tenant ; so that at the bottom of a natural awe of death, which perhaps it is right and well we should retain while living, there may be a calm and deep conviction of the infinite goodness of Him who has so well fitted to us our temporary abode.

*Neighbor.* — I think another case is not uncommon, that of men who find themselves so happy in their present lot that they shrink from the thought of changing it. It is not that they fear dying or death, as such : they would be pained at the necessity of going to some far-distant country to pass the rest of their days, even if they knew they should be happy there, because that knowledge cannot be so vivid to them as the knowledge that they are happy here ; and therefore what they would prefer is to live on, year after year, where they are, amid those friends and enjoyments which have given them such a keen relish of life.

*Uncle Ephraim.* — Well, for my part, I think they are nearer right than those who are for ever calling this a miserable life. If I had made the world myself, I should not think the language of some religious people a compliment.

*Arthur.* — I agree with you in disliking their disdain. I think it ungrateful and mawkish. If they carry the same temper with them to the future world, I do not see how they are going to find a heaven there. A contented and deep enjoyment of life, coupled with an habitual resignation to leave it when summoned, seems to me to be a much fitter homage to Him who has placed us here. You remember the line which has much true philosophy in it, "To enjoy is to obey."

But perhaps contemptuous expressions in regard to this present world should sometimes be understood by way of comparison. It is not so much because this life is scorned in itself, as that it seems of little value by the side of the conception of heaven. Without this explanation, much of our religious poetry, so called, appears almost impious.

*Neighbor.* — This national reluctance to relinquish the consciousness of present good for some mysterious, untried state, has been illustrated, if I remember rightly, by some author who endeavors to imagine what were the feelings of our first parents in their earliest experience of sleep. To lose all control over the body, to abandon consciousness, to enter into that dark state in which nothing was then known what the soul might meet, was there no starting back from all this, no trying to resist it, till wearied and exhausted nature would have its way ? And that way was found,

as death may be found, to be one of God's kind appointments for a fresher life.

*Arthur.*—Perhaps you are thinking of Blanco White's "Sonnet to Night." Another writer has gone still farther back; and, though his conception has less poetry, it is not without a good hint, and I will read it to you. "If a human being," says Ferguson, in his *Moral Philosophy*, "previous to his birth were qualified to reason, he might no doubt apprehend a total extinction of life from a separation of the cord that connected him to his mother; for how could he conceive his existence to continue after his supply of nourishment had ceased? He might indeed observe many parts of his organization and frame which seem to have no relation to his present life. For what purpose, he might say, this duct which leads from the mouth to the stomach? Why these bones, that each apart become hard and stiff, while they are separated from one another by so many joints? Why these jaws made to move on hinges, and these germs of teeth pushing to be felt in the gums? Why the stomach through which nothing is made to pass, and these spongy lungs, so well fitted to drink up the fluids, but which the blood, that passes everywhere else, is not permitted to enter? Such are the prognostics of a future destiny; and similar ones of a destiny still future may be found in the present life of man."

*Neighbor.*—I think it is Bacon who says, "It is as natural to die as to be born."

*Arthur.*—And Pope has expressed a similar thought, full of trust, in the well-known lines:—

"Safe in the hands of one disposing Power,  
Or in the natal or the mortal hour."

But that was a low thought of Sir Thomas Brown, who said that the chief thing about death that troubled him was its destroying effect upon the body. "I am," says he, "not so much afraid of death as ashamed thereof: 'tis the very disgrace and ignominy of our nature that in a moment can so disfigure us that our nearest friends, wife and children, stand afraid, and start at us."

*Uncle Ephraim.*—His thoughts might have been fixed upon something better than corruption and the grave. But there seems to be much of the grub about some men; at least, they do not readily soar above the charnel-house.

*Arthur.*—Even if they would take the right view of the charnel-house, it would be something. The destruction of the body of

our friend is not a sight for our eyes to behold; and therefore it is kindly made offensive to our senses, so that we lay the body away. But what takes place? The beautiful laws by which the elements receive each its own are executed; and some secret perception of the kindness and beneficence of this has given a meaning to those words of Job, "The clods of the valley shall be sweet unto him," beyond what he himself, perhaps, comprehended. But Sir Thomas Brown said a better thing than that just quoted, when he observed, "We are happier with death than we should have been without it."

*Neighbor.*—Most persons think so who are near their centenary birthday. But were we delivered from all decays of body, still it would be true, that the sobriety and thoughtfulness induced by the fact of death deepens and intensifies life. Somebody has said that this would be a different world, if we loved our friends before they are dead as much as we do afterwards. So much does death quicken our affections.

And, then, what a reformer is death! Think of having all our prejudices, timid conservatism, and sanctified abuses, immortalized! A new generation sweeps them away. And a new generation, always coming on, keeps the dew of its youth upon the race. I do not wonder that Plotinus thanked God that his soul was not tied to an immortal body.

*Arthur.*—You alluded just now to Bacon. There is another sentence, in that brief *Essay on Death*, on which I have often reflected: "Death is a friend of ours, and he that is not ready to entertain him is not at home."

*Neighbor.*—I have read in the "*Life of Michael Angelo*" some words of his on which I have often thought. "As Life is happy," said he, "why should not Death be, both being works of the same divine artist?"

*Arthur.*—I was pleased the other day in reading two lines from a poet who addresses Death in these words:—

" 'Tis the great glory land behind thee makes  
Thy face a gloom to all on whom thou gazest."

*Uncle Ephraim.*—I like those short, pithy sayings, in which a great deal is packed up in a small compass,—good for a long journey. I remember one I used to hear on my mother's tongue when I was a boy; she quoting it, as I believe, from Jeremy Taylor's "*Holy Living*,"—a book more famous a generation or two ago than at present: "He that fears death charges God with

tyranny." I could not briefly tell you how many times these few words have calmed my mind.

*Arthur.* — Luther, in his "Table Talk," has a suggestive sentence. He says, "The fear of death is death itself, and the only suffering of death; so that he who abolishes that fear from his heart, neither tastes nor feels death."

*Uncle Ephraim.* — Well, Mr. Arthur, you have shown us enough of your golden ears of corn to prove what a rich harvest you are gathering.

*Arthur.* — Wait a moment, Uncle Ephraim: let me read to you a little German parable. "Two fair angels walked over the earth. They were sisters, and they sat together on a bank of flowers. They were named the Angel of Sleep and the Angel of Death. 'O sister!' said the latter, 'what a welcome do you receive, so different from the treatment accorded to me! Faces turn pale with fright wherever I go; but you are invited, and received with joy.' And then the Angel of Sleep arose, and embraced her sister, and said, 'But will not the good, when they awake from your arms, bless you too?' And tears of joy stood in the eyes of both."

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"AND THE LIGHT SHINETH IN THE DARKNESS; AND THE DARKNESS COMPREHENDED IT NOT."—JOHN i. 5.

ONCE I musing was in spirit,  
Why, the Light in darkness shone;  
Why, amidst the early ages,  
It by men was never known.

Though the world it had created,  
Though within the mind it beamed,  
Yet the Light none comprehended;  
Prophets mused and sages dreamed.

Then to me a voice there answered,  
"Why thy wonder thus express?  
In the world that Light still shineth,  
All mankind to save and bless.

It, in human form and likeness,  
To its people came of old;  
But by them it was rejected,  
As in Scriptures thou art told.

Yet a few beheld its glory,  
Dwelling with the sons of men;  
And have left the wondrous story,  
Culled for all its life to pen.

And, though everywhere it shineth,  
Brighter than the orb of day,  
Men and nations still reject it,  
Walking not in Wisdom's way.

But to all who love, receive it,  
They the sons of God become;  
Dwelling with the Lord for ever,  
In his bright, eternal home."

J. V.

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SUMMER'S TALK.

"OUT in the woods to-day, Charlie, in stumbling along, turned over a stone. There was an ants' nest under it, with innumerable eggs. As soon as the insects found themselves disturbed, they began immediately to bear the eggs away to a place of safety. It was very curious to watch their industry and instinct."

"Yes; and do you suppose that those little creatures knew what they were about?"

"I suppose so; certainly: why not?"

"Do you imagine that they had a clear idea that those eggs contained their offspring? and that the next generation was in danger, and likely to be cut off? How could they learn the idea of offspring and generation? They had never witnessed birth, and succession of generations; they were never told by their parents, that they must provide for children. They cannot communicate with one another by words; and any feelings that they could transmit to one another must, without words, be altogether too indefinite to be shaped by them into ideas. And how long a memory do you suppose an ant to have? Granting that it had an idea, how long do



you suppose it could retain it, to act upon it? No: I imagine that all that these ants knew upon the overthrowing of the stone that covered their nest was a sense of discomfort, and an impulse to move. Not more of an idea I suppose they had than a man asleep, who smells smoke, the house having taken fire, or who finds a strong light piercing his closed eyelids, and turns over, or makes some other unconscious movements, in his uneasiness in his bed before he wakes.

“You extend the domain of instinct a great ways.”

“Yes; but no more than the reflection of all reflecting minds has hitherto done. With the slight means which the lower orders of animated nature have of communicating ideas, we cannot attribute much idea to them; for power, and the expression to others of power possessed, always go together. A solitary being might have ideas, and express them by action: as it was said, ‘Let there be light; and there was light.’ But social beings, if they know, must tell what they know. Thought is not for ourselves alone, but for others. Thought is a social power. We do not ourselves, even, seem to draw it out of our own minds, except as our minds are a medium for the great store of thought belonging to Intelligence above. And it cannot rest in ourselves and end there, any more than the light of the sun can be limited to himself, shut up in his own sphere, and not shine abroad throughout creation. Do you suppose the bees know geometry? that they can comprehend that the six-sided cell in which they lay up their honey is the most economical shape in which they can build out of the materials they have? Do you suppose the cat knows when she is going to have kittens? or that the mother-hen knows why she makes her nest, and sits so long and patiently upon it? To suppose such knowledge, supposes an immensity of ideas entertained in these little brains, — ideas, too, for which no origin can be found.

“And to suppose so much of idea, as the lower orders have in the preparations of nests, and care of offspring, would require us to suppose a power of thought, not only in a certain very narrow direction, here, where we see it exercised,

but would require us to expect that the same power of mind could exercise itself in all other natural directions as well. If the bee is a geometrician, we should expect to find his geometry exercised as well in the general shape of his comb as in the particular cell. If the cat knows she is to have kittens, and has, I mean, a clear idea of kittens and kittenhood, she might as easily pursue a vast many other trains of thought, and express them as well in the activity of life. And the hen, that broods over her nest and her chicks, if altogether conscious of her life and action, that is, if she has any clear consciousness of it at all to be compared to the ideas which we have of it, has an amount of thought that makes her quite a human being; and I should expect her as well to be a carpenter and a bricklayer and a farmer and the like. I should expect her to watch the labors of human beings around her; to see their mistakes; to give them notice of bad work they were doing; to let them know where tools were misplaced and lost; and, in fine, to become a very sociable and helpful creature. She certainly would not limit herself, with such an abundance of thought, to merely providing us with chickens and with eggs."

"Well: I admit you do no more than present the commonly accepted views of instinct. But is it not very difficult to point out the line where instinct ends and thought begins; that is, where the individual being is moved by a superior will and intelligence, and wherein he moves with conscious will of his own? And now, to think of it, do you suppose we of the human race have instincts covering proportionally as wide a range of life as the instincts of the lower order? and that we, too, are doing an immensity of work of which we know nothing?"

"Certainly: what reason have we to doubt that man is an unconscious agent, moved by the spirit of the Creator, for great works, — works, orderly and useful, and very beautiful and wonderful? He who rules unconscious nature, and fires the stars, and directs their courses, and piles the mountains, raises the tides, and tints the flowers, may easily be supposed to use conscious man and conscious angels in realms beyond

their own consciousness. When I see the bee roaming at large our fields, at great distance from home, flying, swift, impetuous, erratic, without orderly direction, and yet returning safely at last to his hive, and bringing also the fruits of his day's rich enjoyment as a positive contribution to the family or nation; and a valuable one also to the pleasure or food of a race infinitely above himself, and of whom he can have no idea, not even so much an idea as we can have of angels, or of the Infinite One, — I pass easily to the thought of some great works that God, with his Infinite intelligence, is doing with the human race and with the nation and with each individual of us beside. The course of history looks as erratic as that of the bee, and yet not more so than the course of the planets before the true astronomy was discovered. Wanderings of nations, incursions from the East and North, topplings-down of empires, oppressions and wars and savage passions and luxurious indulgences and idleness, — nothing is for nothing; — all is for something. God allows no waste. There is nothing deformed, homely, ugly to him."

"And you suppose your life, with all its mistakes and with all its sins, he weaves into his beautiful plan?"

"I do. I wander for my will; he makes me work for his: I come home laden with honey, for mine and others' good, though I know nothing of what I have been about. I doubt not at all, that my instinctive life is greater than my conscious life; that I am, to a greater extent, an instrument of God's will and of his love, than I am the instrument of my own."

"But, responsibility; are we not responsible?"

"Certainly: whatever theories we have, or arguments we pursue, we never get beyond the consciousness and assurance of our responsibility, any more than we could get beyond the consciousness of being sleepy, by failing to understand the use of sleep, or reasoning ourselves into the belief that sleep was only a waste of time."

"And does the thought of human instinct have much religious significance?"

"Does it not? I follow the bee in its flight, thinking that

the Infinite Creator is in it ; and I reverence the Presence. I see the unconscious ant bearing off to safety its prospect of offspring, guided by the same God that draws the line for the planet to pursue ; and it is not irreligion to contemplate it. And mysteriously, through all of good and all of ill, through births and deaths, through sins and obedience, I acknowledge the wise and good and infinite One, — safer with him than with myself ; bounded by his power and design ; circled in by his love, beyond which, by any possibility, I cannot rove.

E. B.

FREEHOLD, GREENE Co., N.Y.

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## RANDOM READINGS.

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### THE HUMAN NATURE OF OUR SAVIOUR.

OUR esteemed friend and brother, B. F. B., sends "a few more words on Swedenborg's doctrine of the Incarnation," in reply to our remarks in the September number. If we were to print his "few more words," with a reply of equal length, it would occupy *twenty pages* of this Magazine ; and, at the end of the discussion, our readers would be exactly where they were when it begun, and would have to go to Swedenborg, and judge for themselves as to its meaning. Our friend argues the question in the best spirit, and we are sorry not to print his communication. But we can do no more than state his main points and give his references.

He argues that Swedenborg uses the word "soul" in a twofold sense ; that sometimes it means with him, what we popularly understand by it, our own proper mind and will, which we are conscious of ; sometimes the *inmost* of our being, which is above consciousness, the *nexus* that unites us with God, and first receives the Divine Influx. This latter is meant by "the soul derived from the father." This Christ did not assume, because in him was the essential Divine in place of it. The former — soul as synonymous with conscious mind and will — Christ did assume ; that is, our whole proper nature. Swedenborg posits the human

under a twofold division of "mind and body," meaning by the body the spiritual body as well as the material. These, in full, Christ assumed. All our *paternal* tendencies to evil were in him as well as the maternal, because, though he had no human father, Mary, his mother, had; and, through her, all the paternal evils were derived to him. Therefore all the evils of the hells came into his consciousness to be conquered, and so the work of redemption was complete. To sustain these positions, and also to show wherein man differs from beasts, and why the former is necessarily immortal, and why the latter are not, — a question, by the way, which opens into a very interesting field of inquiry, — our friend makes various references to Swedenborg's writings. Let the reader consult them for himself, and read them in their connection. He would not even understand our friend's reasonings, if we were to print them, without reading Swedenborg. What the human is, and where it commences, see "The Arcana," 3245, 3737, 7179, 6158.

Wherein the Lord differed from every other man, see "Arcana," 2194, 2106, 3161, 1999, 5114, 6716, 1940.

How man differs from beasts, "Arcana," 1999, 5302, 2004, 5114. Concerning "the soul derived from the father," and whether it comes into consciousness, and how far, let the reader consult "Arcana," 6716, 4317; "Divine Love and Wisdom," 432; also a small work of same title, pp. 78-82. Also let him read with special attention a passage in the "True Christian Religion," No. 103, where *mind* as well as soul comes into consciousness derived from the father.

If the reader can make out what our friend B. F. B. says *he* does, and what we do not, that Swedenborg teaches consistently that Christ assumed our whole proper nature, paternal as well as maternal, and without contradicting himself, we rejoice in his success. Having grasped the doctrine, however found, let him use it to some practical results; and not only be drawn to his Saviour more nearly and tenderly, but to any despised and suffering brother that stands near him, since Christ hath taken that brother's whole nature upon it, redeemed it and glorified it.

*What is true* is of vastly more consequence than what Swedenborg said; and, whatever he said, the complete humanity of Christ is an undoubted doctrine of the New Testament, and one calculated to inspire his followers with unspeakable sympathy and love

towards him, and all that bear his image and are made partakers in his nature. s.

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#### INFINITE GOODNESS THE SAME IN KIND WITH FINITE GOODNESS.

[Amongst our notices of books will be found a few additional words about Mill's "Examination of Hamilton." The following paragraphs have so much interested us, that we cannot refrain from laying them before our readers : they discuss the following topic :— E.]

MR. MANSEL combats, as a heresy of his opponents, the opinion that infinite goodness differs only in degree from finite goodness. The notion that the "attributes of God differ from those of man in degree only, not in kind, and hence that certain mental and moral qualities of which we are immediately conscious in ourselves furnish at the same time a true and adequate image of the infinite perfections of God" (the word *adequate* must have slipped in by inadvertence, since otherwise it would be an inexcusable misrepresentation), he identifies with "the vulgar rationalism which regards the reason of man, in its ordinary and normal operation, as the supreme criterion of religious truth." And, in characterizing the mode of arguing of this vulgar rationalism, he declares its principles to be, that "all the excellences of which we are conscious in the creature must necessarily exist in the same manner, though in a higher degree, in the Creator. God is indeed more wise, more just, more merciful, than man ; but, for that very reason, his wisdom and justice and mercy must contain nothing that is incompatible with the corresponding attributes in their human character." It is against this doctrine that Mr. Mansel feels called on to make an emphatic protest.

Here, then, I take my stand, on the acknowledged principle of logic and of morality, that, when we mean different things, we have no right to call them by the same name, and to apply to them the same predicates, moral and intellectual. Language has no meaning for the words just, merciful, benevolent, save that in which we predicate them of our fellow-creatures ; and unless that is what we intend to express by them, we have no business to employ the words. If, in affirming them of God, we do not mean to affirm these very qualities, differing only as greater in degree, we are

neither philosophically nor morally entitled to affirm them at all. If it be said that the qualities are the same, but that we cannot conceive them as they are when raised to the infinite, I grant that we cannot adequately conceive them in one of their elements, their infinity. But we can conceive them in their other elements, which are the very same in the infinite as in the finite development: any thing carried to the infinite must have all the properties of the same thing as finite, except those which depend upon the finiteness. Among the many who have said that we cannot conceive infinite space, did any one ever suppose that it is *not* space? that it does not possess all the properties by which space is characterized? Infinite space cannot be cubical or spherical, because these are modes of being bounded: but does any one imagine, that, in ranging through it, we might arrive at some region which was not extended; of which one part was not outside another; where, though no body intervened, motion was impossible; or where the sum of two sides of a triangle was less than the third side? The parallel assertion may be made respecting infinite goodness. What belongs to it as infinite (or more properly as absolute), I do not pretend to know; but I know that infinite goodness must be goodness, and that what is not consistent with goodness is not consistent with infinite goodness. If, in ascribing goodness to God, I do not mean what I mean by goodness,—if I do not mean the goodness of which I have some knowledge, but an incomprehensible attribute of an incomprehensible substance, which, for aught I know, may be a totally different quality from that which I love and venerate,—and even must, if Mr. Mansel is to be believed, be in some important particulars opposed to this,—what do I mean by calling it goodness? and what reason have I for venerating it? If I know nothing about what the attribute is, I cannot tell that it is a proper object of veneration. To say that God's goodness may be different in kind from man's goodness, what is it but saying, with a slight change of phraseology, that God may possibly not be good? To assert in words what we do not think in meaning is as suitable a definition as can be given of a moral falsehood. Besides, suppose that certain unknown attributes are ascribed to the Deity in a religion, the external evidences of which are so conclusive to my mind as effectually to convince me that it comes from God. Unless I believe God to possess the same moral attributes which I find, in however inferior a degree, in a good man, what ground of assurance have I of God's

veracity? All trust in a revelation presupposes a conviction that God's attributes are the same, in all but degree, with the best human attributes.

If, instead of the "glad tidings" that there exists a Being in whom all the excellences which the highest human mind can conceive exist in a degree inconceivable to us, I am informed that the world is ruled by a Being whose attributes are infinite, but what they are we cannot learn, nor what are the principles of his government, except that "the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving" does not sanction them,—convince me of it, and I will bear my fate as I may. But when I am told that I must believe this, and at the same time call this Being by the names which express and affirm the highest human morality, I say, in plain terms, that I will not. Whatever power such a Being may have over me, there is one thing which he shall not do,—he shall not compel me to worship him. I will call no being good, who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and, if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go.

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#### NOTES IN THE HOSPITALS.

I LITTLE thought, while perusing my "Notes" to you a few months since, that my function was so soon to be terminated by the close of the war. Amid the rejoicings at that event, there is now and then a tinge of sadness as we think of the privilege we once enjoyed of ministering to so many in their privations and sufferings. We cannot wish the war had continued merely to give us opportunities to comfort the sick and wounded; but still, many a heart has felt in it "the luxury of doing good."

The end of the war will close most of our hospitals, but not the sufferings of thousands of our poor soldiers, whom we can still bless, and who ought to receive a nation's gratitude and kind offices so long as life lasts. Too much can never be done to relieve the infirmities of the disabled, and furnish employment to those capable of work. Let the memory of their noble services and their unstinted sacrifices be ever green in our hearts, and we cannot prove recreant to our duty.

In my last visit to Readville, as I saw the various regiments wait-



ing for their payment and discharge, it was a study in the great book of human nature. With some it was an hour of boundless exhilaration. Others were occupied with their physical wants alone. Every stranger was looked to as an almoner for the relief of their hunger. "You, man in black, give us something to eat," was the salutation on one hand; and I blushed to hear it said, "Massachusetts, our own State, does less for us than others we have come through." Let us, while these war-worn men are on the way to their homes, pour out of our abundance for their needs. "New York," said one to me, "did the handsome thing for us." — "Yes," replied another; "but Philadelphia, — did not she receive us in the most splendid style?" The neglect charged upon us was owing, in a large degree, not to a lack of generosity, but to a want of that system which for four long years made the "Union Volunteer" and "Cooper-shop Volunteer" saloons of Philadelphia instrumental of such immeasurable good to our soldiers.

It was touching to hear the narratives of hardships and sufferings endured by some of our men. Of the 11th Massachusetts Battery, containing originally one hundred and seventy recruits, eighty were at one moment taken from their post by sickness, wounds, and death. In the terrific siege of Petersburg, this noble band were for a long period living martyrs. During the intensity of that battle summer, not a drop of rain fell for forty days.

In one regiment I saw a youth who told me he was but sixteen, and had been nine months in the service. But, when I overheard him at first pouring forth a torrent of voluble oaths, it made me sad to think to how many the army — even when, like ours, under the best moral circumstances — proves a school of vice. This melancholy truth is now daily demonstrated in the record, furnished by our newspapers, of crimes committed by returned soldiers. I know well that the army was a receptacle of thousands hardened in vice of old. But I cannot doubt that they taught others, and especially boys and youth like the one before me, initiating them into the rudiments of crime.

But there is a bright side to the picture. For I found, in conversing with both officers and soldiers, many who manifested an incorruptible faith and virtue. They spoke to me of their pastors and their old church privileges with a beaming face; and anticipated, next to the joys of home, a return to their loved sanctuary.

Our publications were welcomed by not a few. When I gave a

soldier a copy of that fine tract entitled "Mustered Out," "I want more," said he, after reading a little of it: "won't you give me enough for my mess?"—"Mustered out," said another, "that's the word;" and soon a whole group gathered around me, and I only regretted that my scanty stock was exhausted.

Now I encountered a bright colored boy, and I should have liked a circle of sceptics at hand—those who doubt the capacity of the negro—to hear his quick and sparkling answers to my many questions. If proscription, cruelty, and bloodshed must continue to be the fate of this race at the South, I earnestly hope the North will open to them a wide city of refuge. Give them *somewhere* a chance for education, and to show what the God of nature has done for them.

I met in the cars an officer who had been imprisoned for several months by the rebels. He said he could easily believe that sixty thousand had died, as has been stated, from the inhumanity of the rebel prisons. His picture of the filth and untold abuses of our poor soldiers, was fearful; and the horrors of hunger and starvation,—they could not be exaggerated. When he was released, a friend lay unconscious for the want of food; and he felt sure he could not have lived, judging from other similar cases, more than two days longer.

It was interesting to hear from military men opinions in regard to the true course with rebels and traitors. The judgment prevailed widely that the originators of the rebellion ought to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. "The civil offenders"—this was the decision—"ought to be hung." But for the military leaders, those of them who were merely instruments in the hands of a higher power, much charity was expressed. They were regarded as the embodiment of a gallant foe; and, said one to me, "we cannot, after all, but feel some respect for an enemy it took us four years to conquer." No doubt there is weight in this opinion. Many at the South have been honest in their devotion to the cause of independence; and they have fought for it with a good conscience, and used themselves, and countenanced in others, only honorable means and methods of warfare. In the great and arduous task of discriminating between such persons as those entitled to no clemency whatever, let us maintain, with equal hand, the claims of justice and lenity.

Amid the stern and cruel works of war, the marks of which we see in the tattered colors of these returning regiments, we may find

some compensation in the courtesies produced among associated officers, in the re-union of old companions in arms, and in those friendships formed amid scenes of hardship, battle, camp and field trials, which can terminate only with life. If our civilians do their part with the noble self-sacrifice, and the wisdom, skill and success with which the army and navy have done theirs, the old flag will wave still and for evermore over a reconstructed and indissoluble Union.

A. B. M.

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### CALM, PEACE, AND LIGHT.

There is a calm the poor in spirit know,  
That softens sorrow, and that sweetens woe;  
There is a peace that dwells within the breast,  
When all without is stormy and distressed;  
There is a light that gilds the darkest hour,  
When dangers thicken and when tempests lower; —  
That calm, to faith and hope and love is given;  
That peace remains when all beside is riven;  
That light shines down to man direct from Heaven.

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### LITERARY NOTICE.

*An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, and of the Principal Philosophical Questions discussed in his Writings.* By JOHN STUART MILL. In two volumes. Boston: Wm. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street. 1865.

Mr. Spencer has shown an appreciation of the abiding worth of Mr. Mill's writings in the two enterprises which have given us, first, "The Essays," and now, these "Philosophical Discussions." The questions moved and handled in these last volumes are fundamental and vital. They enter very largely into the thought of our times. Mr. Mill entertains them in a healthy practical spirit, and under the guidance of a sound moral sense. His criticism of what we must call the suicidal moral scepticism of Mansel's application of Sir William's philosophy to theology is especially interesting and valuable, emphasizing, as he does, the great essential truth, that goodness is one thing in God and in man, and that to make confusion here is fatal. The volumes are admirably printed, and upon excellent paper; and they will be in request amongst all students and thoughtful persons.

E.

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